



Weak and Weary



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Chapter 1 by Gabriel Bahena Rodriguez - STLAU Student

Today I fall upon my knees with sweat dripping from my forehead and blood from my mouth mending together making it way to the ground of ash. My head grew heavy with thoughts of self loathing and hatred for what this world has done to me. A gust of wind appears carrying dirt, rocks, and dying plants, all things that form Earth. It pulls me to the ground to the perspectives of the fallen or those who were born into a house of poverty. But which is worse, the happy become stricken by death's servant, depression, or to be born with grief and eventually what some might call joy along this dreary road. I do belong to neither of these factions but instead I was sentenced to a life of dread, of course by my own design. Nearing death to late I realized I once had happiness but I was stuck in my own selfish thoughts. I lie on the ground with all but not left to say, eyes dried out staring into the abyss of dead nature. I breath in the hot air and I cough, choking on my own blood. I gaze at my last star and say my last thoughts. "I have wondered many a useless mile to stand upon the peak of no return, each step another regret. What a waste of a life I have owned, what a life it could have been? And with that I say I am sorry to my beloved but today I have died."

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